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FROM MY ELBOW CHAIR.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing in which the well educated and fashionable of the northern and southern sections of this union differ more, than in the preference of the one for a city, the other for a country life. The inhabitants of the country to the north, are for the most part, plain farmers who cultivate the earth with their own hands, and who, though they undoubtedly constitute a most valuable portion of the nation, are more calculated to receive, than give an impulse to great schemes of national policy. Occasionally indeed, a man of talents and liberal education retires to the country to the pursuits of agriculture, but such an example is quite rare, and the number is not sufficient to give character or colouring to the mass of the population. But to the south it is different. There a vast portion of the people of wealth and edu-

cation reside in the country, giving a tone to every part of it, and taking from the cities almost entirely the control of public sentiment, and public measures.

To this marked difference, in all probability, may be traced in a great measure, those striking diversities of character and manners, which the most superficial observer may have noticed among these two orders of people in the north and the south. It would be an undertaking neither void of curiosity or interest, to develop these varieties, trace them to their true sources, and deduce the final consequences that will probably result, from the collision of interests and feelings arising from this difference of situation and circumstances. Such an undertaking would afford scope for a variety of interesting and original speculation, and lead probably to a just conclusion as to the final predominancy of one or other of these two great classes of the inhabitants of these United States. It is however not only beyond our present limits, but would also require an extent and sagacity of observation, to which we have no pretensions.

We will take however this opportunity to observe, that men thus brought up and resident in the country, like the oak of the primeval forest, are more likely to expand into greater

strength and luxuriance, than in crowded cities. They will also, we should imagine, acquire and cherish higher notions of personal freedom, than if they were brought up in great cities, where the liberty of the citizen, from the necessity of the case is restrained in various ways, and where boys cannot let off a Chinese cracker, or fly a kite, without being subject to a penalty. In this manner they grow up in the habit of submitting to innumerable little restraints on their personal freedom, that certainly prepare the way for still greater, when they arrive at a state of manhood.

Still, however, the inhabitants of cities possess advantages of frequent intercourse, which by giving them a habit of keen sagacity, and initiating them into a practical acquaintance with the springs of human actions and passions, generally lead to a superiority over the more hardy, vigorous, and original cultivators of the fields. In addition to this, the proximity in which they live, occasions a facility in drawing their strength and talent to a focus, of communicating any sudden impulse to the whole community, and giving one common object to energies, that in the country are scattered beyond the reach of sudden combination. Hence it has generally been observed, that most modern na-

tions have received the impulses, adopted the opinions, and followed the lead of their great cities, not only in relation to their external, but internal policy. If the United States offer an exception, it is in all probability owing to the weight and influence of a great class of well educated country gentlemen, who possess both leisure and sagacity to study and comprehend the nature of their interests, and the means of protecting them.

But our object in this paper, is not to inquire into the relative strength and advantages of the country and the city, nor into their relative happiness. It is probable there is no great difference on the whole, in the latter, except where the inhabitants are not justly proportioned in the distribution, and the cities become too populous for the country. That such however is the case at present, may at least be suspected, from the very great number of people out of employ in the former, and the consequent multiplication of beggars. These are strong indications that the people are not well distributed, because there are scarcely any beggars in the country.

The truth seems to have been, that the creation of a vast number of paper banks in the cities and towns, attracted almost all the idle, speculative, and adventurous spirits from the

surrounding country, to batten on the loans they could obtain with such mischievous facility, and the consequence was, that the towns and cities swelled into a premature and unsubstantial semblance of growth and prosperity. The airy foundation on which this apparent prosperity was built being now withdrawn, all those who owed their support to it, are of necessity, left to subsist by other means proportionably diminished. They will be obliged, many of them, again to return to the country, to the enjoyments, or the sufferings of rural life.

Necessity will thus drive them to the refuge, which I have often wondered is not more generally sought from choice. Considering the beauty of our landscapes, the plenty and richness of our lands, their endless diversities of soil, climate and productions, the noble streams that course them in every direction, and their almost entire freedom from taxation, one cannot help acknowledging, that in no part of the world is there held out greater inducements to a country life. It possesses attractions for the agriculturist, in the fulness with which it repays his labour; for the sportsman, in the plenty of game with which it abounds; and for the lover of scientific research, in a new unexplored region of natural productions. It cannot therefore but

be a subject not only of surprise, but regret, that so few of our well educated young men in the north, should be tempted to settle in the country.

This surprise is increased, by hearing many of them complaining of the tedious dulness, the listless vacuity of a city life, and seeing them compelled to resort to habits of dissipation and extravagance, merely to pass the time away. Others adopt expedients to escape the pressure of time, that are perhaps only reprehensible as interfering with useful and manly pursuits, and others who have weak or indulgent parents, are suffered to lounge away a youth of uselessness, devoid of enjoyment. They are often driven to run in debt, merely to get through a morning, and I am convinced very frequently go to the expense of a new suit of clothes, only for the sake of the temporary excitement they afford, while the novelty of exhibiting them lasts. The money thus wasted in a few years, without bringing with it any lasting, or even temporary advantage, would serve to give them independence in a country life.

But there is yet another class of fine young men disciplined by education, polished by social intercourse, and spurred on by the desire, as well as the hope of independence, who deserve a better fate than to be put to the study of a liberal

profession, that after all their exertions, yields them hardly a scanty subsistence. Already overstocked, this profession now almost forces a young man even of the greatest merit, and most honourable principles, to associate and commune with the very worst of his species; to dive into the polluted sources of corruption and turpitude, and to task perhaps a noble mind, and noble genius, for expedients to baffle justice, and return again to prey upon society, a being unworthy its protection. Thus they consume years of mischievous drudgery, while the hopes of their youth are blasted, before chance or fate affords an opening for the light of better fortune. **God** forbid we should be suspected of an intention to wound the feelings of a most meritorious class of young men, thus sacrificed to the prevailing ambition for a liberal profession. We are only expressing our regret, that they were not encouraged to turn their attention to the wholesome independence of a country farmer. In such a situation, without submitting to any degrading condescensions, they would soon rise to respectability and consequence, while those who were left behind would be equally benefited by the absence of so many competitors.

A country life seems particularly calculated for a young man of liberal education and liberal

pursuits, who would wish to settle himself in the world. To such a one, the intervals of leisure are pleasantly and usefully filled up by reading, or observation of those little phenomena of nature, which his acquaintance with science enables him properly to appreciate and admire. Every thing he sees will afford his mind an easy, yet interesting exercise. The streams, the woods, the warbling birds, the mysterious process of vegetation, all animal and vegetable life, combine to awaken in a cultivated mind and refined taste, a thousand little wonders, surprises and pleasures, that keep it in a state of agreeable excitement, which bids defiance to listlessness or vacuity. But to those who can neither labour, or think, or read—whose habits are equally at war with employment or reflection, the country is the situation of all others perhaps the most dangerous, since the want of employment either of body or mind, too generally drives them to the indulgence of habits of low dissipation and intemperance, equally fatal to their health and morals.

In one of my late excursions, I happened to be detained by a long storm, at a hotel in a little village where I had put up the evening before. It chanced to be in the neighbourhood of a young friend of mine, who had married and retired

into the country some years before, to the infinite astonishment of his gay companions, many of whom are still hanging about the town, a burthen to themselves, and incapable of enjoying the pleasures and amusements of a life they have worn quite threadbare. By some accident he heard of my being at the inn, and notwithstanding the storm, came down in his country carriage to carry me home with him. I accepted his hospitalities, for in truth I was tired of being cooped up at the inn without society; and if I had not been, there was something in the manner of my young friend that was quite sufficient to win my easy consent.

His house and establishment, though neither of them approaching to magnificence, partook of an air of competency. There was nothing about them that aspired to style, but still enough to satisfy one that its owner wanted nothing; or if he did, that he was able to procure it. In short, the whole was such as is within the reach of most of our young gentlemen, who spend a great deal more in a few years in the city, than would suffice to place them in a state of independence, were they to pursue a country life.

The situation of the house was charming to my eye. I hope my readers will excuse me for attempting to describe it, if not for their pleasure,

at least for mine. Old as I am, I luxuriate in the midst of nature's charms. I would not exchange the privilege and opportunity of frequently contemplating a beautiful landscape, for the possession of one of Claude Lorrain's best pictures; nor give up a ramble through some delightful scenes that I have frequented from my youth upwards, for the delights and fatigues of the grand tour. Such being the case, I never suffer a charming landscape to slip through my fingers, although perfectly conscious that in attempting to describe it, I rather administer to my own gratification by recalling sensations that are past, than present any definite picture to the reader's contemplation.

The house was placed near the extremity of a long neck or point, which jutted far into the broad river, and enabled the spectator to command an extensive view both up and down the stream. A number of fine trees of nature's production, were scattered about singly and in clumps, with that picturesque absence of all arrangement, which makes nature so much more enchanting than art, and afforded a thousand natural, unaffected vistas, through which the water and the land appeared in infinite varieties of form and aspect. Underneath these old trees, were the various outhouses; and here the

sheep and cattle lay in luxurious indolence, panting away the noontide heat, while the farm yard poultry mixed with them in that peaceful association, which is so indicative of the character of a country life. At the root of an old oak was a clear and plenteous spring, the waters of which supplied the house, and ran through the stone dairy, whose coolness and cleanliness were equally admirable. To the south, the view on one side of the river presented a succession of lofty banks, in some places rocky and precipitous, in others, parcelled into fields to the very summit, the enclosures of which could be distinguished a distance of many miles. On the other side, the river swelled into a magnificent curve, which gave an opportunity of displaying the country completely, as far as the eye could reach. Here the shore was at first, somewhat rugged and mountainous, but gradually tapered away into a charming picturesque country, gently rising from the river's bank, and swelling into inequalities of every form and hue. Towards the north, the eye, after passing over a number of wooded points jutting out into the river, with little coves between them, at length rested upon the blue and distant peaks of the lofty highlands. Westward, across the river, at a considerable distance was a range of mountains,

which bounded the view in this direction, whose tops when gilded with the setting sun, and capped with clouds of infinite forms, and ever changing hue presented a scene of heavenly splendour.

Here my friend passed his time in useful and wholesome employment, cultivating his lands, and improving both his mind and his heart, by the contemplation of nature, and the practice of the domestic virtues. His days were passed in attending to his rural kingdom, over which he was sole legislator—in the pleasant indulgence of a literary taste, and in the enjoyment of the endearments of his little family. There was in truth, an air of spritely happiness in every thing around. Scarcely an hour passed, that the vessels were not seen gliding close by the point, giving an appearance of life and action to the scene, and their white sails appeared through almost every opening of the trees. I often counted sixty in sight at one time.

But the evening and the night was the season of luxury, the one was so cheerful, yet so quiet, the other so delightfully cool. The air passing over the salt water on either hand, assuming a refreshing coolness, that was still increased by hearing the waves dashing against the shores on all sides, and communicating to the imagination,

the same feeling which the senses realized. In the morning, every one awaked refreshed and invigorated, and the first object that attracted my view through the window, was the distant mountain, clothed with its night cap of mist, or shining in the warm beams of a glorious sun.

But I have not yet mentioned my young friend's greatest treasures, reserving them for the last—his wife and children. The former was a great belle in her day, and what is somewhat remarkable, was not spoiled by admiration and pleasure. She possessed good sense, which sooner or later I believe always retrieves the effects of early temptation and indulgence. Hence it happens, that we often see those very persons whose habits and education have least led us to expect it, becomes the best of wives, or the most exemplary of husbands. Perhaps the best security against expensive follies, is that of having become satiated in their indulgence. Such persons have experienced what a life of pleasure can bestow, and there is little danger in presenting a picture to the imagination, which the senses have already realized. I would not advise either a man or a woman to select a belle, or a gay town bred gentleman as a companion for life in the country, but still it is quite certain their chance of

happiness would not be altogether desperate, as the example of my young friend demonstrates.

A number of little embellishments, that cost nothing, about the house indicate that she still preserves a portion of that refinement and taste, for which she was once so distinguished, while her own manners, and especially those of her children give evidence that she has not thought it less worth her while to be well bred in the country, than in town. She has the art of attending to her household affairs, without disturbing her company, or robbing her husband of her society, at those moments of leisure when a man wishes to see around him those he most loves. That she used sometimes to visit her kitchen, I am fully assured, but I never could find out when, during all the time of my visit, which was prolonged several days. The three children are always clean; and the youngest, though not quite a year old, has already the air of a gentleman. They are neither trained to astonish visitors by asking or answering premature questions, nor is there any thing remarkable about them, other than an air of simple gentility, joined to a habit of noiseless gayety, peculiarly agreeable to an old bachelor like myself, who delights in company, without being able to en-

dure noise. But the youngest is my favourite. He seldom or ever laughs; but when pleased, will drop one of the corners of his mouth, and smile with an expression half gay, half melancholy, that is peculiarly interesting. The mother denies it, but I can perceive she loves this little fellow a *little* better than the rest, for ever since she observed my liking to him, I have received several additional proofs of her attention. In going away, I complimented my friend on the mode of life he had chosen, and asked him to tell me sincerely whether he did not sometimes, at least in winter, long for the pleasures of the town. He answered me with a clear eye and unembarrassed countenance—"It would be folly my dear old friend for me to say that there are not drawbacks on my happiness, which none know but those in my situation. But I am so satisfied with my lot, I would not exchange it for any other; and so far from feeling the cold season irksome, or longing for the pleasures of a winter in town, I then, more than ever, enjoy the delights of domestic happiness, when they are all concentrated around a happy fire-side."

Letter from Cornelius Taykaonta, king of the Oneidas, &c. &c. who can do no wrong, to Red Jacket.

COUSIN,

I find this country of France in some things more to my liking than England, and I can understand their language better, having been some time prisoner in Canada. The women work in the fields here, a custom I suppose they learned from us Indians. Some of them wear cocked hats. On our first coming ashore, the people stared at me; but as soon as they heard I was a king, they shouted vive la Roi, which I took very kindly. Others shouted vive l'empereur, and not being able to agree about my rank, they were going together by the ears, but were prevented by the soldiers, who pricked some with bayonets, and knocked others down. Finally the vive la Roi party prevailed.

Just then a very polite man came up, and making six bows, each one lower than the other, invited me to come and stay at his house, being very desirous of the honour of a visit from me and my suite. I accepted his offer, and we had an excellent dinner. What I particularly noticed was, that he gave us not a single frog, nor have I seen one eaten since I came here, whence

I conclude the English are great liars. I must not forget to tell you that this is the country of brandy, and that I saw a vast many great casks rolling about the streets, as if they were quite drunk. For my part, I wonder the people dont all take to drinking it. But on the contrary, they seem to care little about this liquor, preferring wine, which in my opinion shows a great want of taste.

After being here some days, not wishing to trespass on the hospitality of my good friend who had invited me to stay with him, I was going away one morning early with very little ceremony, as is our custom, when he handed me a bill, and with a very low bow, exclaimed vive la Roi. I was a little mortified to find on this being explained, that he expected me to pay him for his hospitality, and had charged me three times as much as common persons, to show his respect for royalty. On my telling him I would willingly dispense with this proof of his attachment, he shook his head, bowed lower than before, and cried out vive la Roi three times, as loud as he could bawl. As the payment of this bill would have nearly emptied the royal treasury, I thought I would try whether the king could do no wrong in France as well as in England, and was going to get into the carriage

that was waiting for me. Upon this an officer stepped up, and making a low bow, cried out vive la Roi. After which, he told me I must pay the bill or go to prison. It was in vain I insisted that the king could do no wrong, and that I was their king's brother. I was forced to pay the disloyal knave, to prevent worse consequences. I am determined to take royal vengeance for this insult, and have sent orders to my oldest son, his royal highness, the prince regent of all the Oneidas, to hang up Obed Peabody, who keeps a tavern at the cross roads, near my royal castle, as an example to all others. I have also issued a decree directing his royal highness to raze Peabody's house to the ground, and not leave one log upon another, by which means I shall not only complete my vengeance, but also liquidate an old score chalked up behind his door against me since two years past. This is in strict conformity with the practice of my royal and legitimate brother kings in this civilized portion of the globe.

Being in consequence of this infamous disloyalty and treason, left with an empty treasury, I called upon my committee of ways and means, and propounded to them this difficulty in my department of finance. They accordingly reported a bill recommending me to turn my aig-

nity to account, by exhibiting myself publicly to these barbarians, as their own monarchs were accustomed to do at the theatres, before they grew afraid to venture out at night. I was rather loth to lower my dignity by thus making myself as it were an elephant or a catamount; but on second thoughts, it struck me there was little difference between showing myself off for money, and making the people pay the expenses of my exhibition, like my brother and cousin kings in Europe.

Public notice being given, we accordingly appeared at the theatre, before a vast crowd of people, who received us with a great deal more applause than was bestowed on my brother of England, when he exhibited himself at London, as I mentioned in a former letter. I was dressed in grand costume, and carried on my back all the presents I had received from the various sovereigns and people of distinction during my travels. I wore a superb chintz morning gown, which I tried to get trimmed with fur in London, but my brother the king of England had bought it all up for his coronation, and would not spare me an inch, though I offered to pay him a good advance for a small quantity. Over this, I had a red military coat trimmed with copper lace, which I bought of an officer of my

brother the king of England's guards, for ten beaver skins. Besides these, I had six tin bracelets on each arm, three copper rings in my nose, and a dozen in each of my ears. About my ancles I wore tin bands, and on my feet a pair of moccasins embroidered with porcupine quills, over which was fastened a pair of snow shoes, with gilt spurs behind. I was much at a loss for my crown, globe and sceptre, but I made the leg of a gilt chair answer for a sceptre, I hired a glass globe of an apothecary, and instead of a crown, I wore the skin of a buffaloe's head with the horns on. They offered me the regalia of the play house, but I was determined not to demean myself by wearing any of their frippery. I put every thing I had upon me in imitation of my brother kings here, who, whenever they come out for a show, almost smother themselves with finery.

When the curtain drew up and discovered me sitting on my throne in the midst of my courtiers, who were also dressed in their best blankets, the shouts of *vive la Roi* were incredible. Such indeed were the enthusiastic bursts of loyalty with which I was greeted, that it was observed there was no instance within the last hundred years, of a monarch being received in this country with such demonstrations of at-

tachment. Being rather elated at this reception, I unluckily overturned my globe which broke into pieces, and lost my crown in stooping to remedy this misfortune, which is another instance of the danger of being too much elated with prosperity. The moment my globe was smashed to pieces, the apothecary demanded payment as loud as he could bawl. Having no money left, and having often heard of paying debts with a song, I got up and gave them the war dance and song of the Oneidas, upon which they decreed the apothecary should be satisfied. So well pleased were they with our performance, that a great number of oranges were sent to us from the upper part of the theatre, where the principal persons sit. Indeed the immense crowd that came to pay their respects to me was so well satisfied, that my share of their contributions came to a good sum of money. I proposed a few days afterwards to gratify this loyal people again with a sight of me, but my offer was declined. I have since had good reason to believe there was an apprehension that my brother, king Louis was a little jealous of my reception, and rather suspected me of designs against his crown. Indeed I find that thrones are almost as easily overturned in this part of the world, as empty bottles, and kings

upset like nine pins. It is for this reason they are so cowardly, that they think every gun they hear is fired at them, and are continually finding out plots of old men and women, who manufacture pikes and battle axes to overturn their puissant and happy kingdoms.

After receiving these proofs of respect and loyalty, I set out for the great city of Paris, to pay a visit to my cousin the king. He is an old man, remarkably fond of capons, and so feeble, that they say he could not sit on his throne unless he was held up by his priest on one side, and his prime minister on the other. I called to see him, and met with a good reception, only he never asked me to stay and eat capons with him, which I thought rather mean. As all courts are alike, and all equally dull, I shall not trouble you with a description of this.

This is a pleasant place, much more so than London, full of pretty sights and pretty women. They dont go iron shod like the English horses and women, which I like. But neither do they wear moccasins, which I dont like. One of the first places they took me to see, was the grand national opera, a place for music and dancing. Their music I could not judge of, on account of the noise of fiddles and what not. I was much diverted with a person standing up at

one end of the orchestra, who seemed to be a sort of commander in chief of the fiddlers. He did nothing but flourish a roll of paper furiously, ordering his people about like militia men at a training. Whenever the fiddlers made a great noise, the people cried out bravo, which make the commander look round with much dignity, as if he had gained a great victory. Their dancing I dare say is fine, but some of the women dancers made me quite ashamed. I was told this was because I was not yet civilized, so I shut my eyes and said no more about it.

I should like this place, and England too much better, if it was not for the trouble I have with the wise men, who are continually coming to instruct me in every thing. One comes to teach me religion; another law; and a third the art of civil government; which last, as far as I can see, consists in governing by military force. I have had divers arguments with these people respecting the comparative excellence of their customs, opinions, and government and ours, the substance of which I will now give you, to show what foolish people these wise men are.

Soon after I came here, a little fat man in petticoats, they call my brother the king's confessor, came to convert me. I told him I had

been converted twice already, which was quite often enough for a king who could do no wrong. As he seemed to doubt the truth of this, I produced my bible. Upon this he fell into a passion and wanted to take it away from me, because it was a dangerous book, that would lead me astray. But I would not let him have it, telling him the English bishop who converted me the last time, had given it me as a good book. He told me the English bishops were no bishops, because they were not chosen by the pope, and that their religion was worse than paganism. I asked him who this pope was, about whom I heard so much in Canada, and so little to his credit in England. Upon this the little fat man began a long discourse that lasted two hours, of which I did not comprehend one word. It was in vain for me to attempt answering it therefore, and he looked about him as though he had gained a great victory. He boasts of having converted me, by this mode of silencing all objections with arguments which nobody can comprehend. I recollect however, one of his arguments that I understood well enough. When I complained of the cruelty of the white men who first came to convert the Indians, he very gravely assured me, that heaven had permitted the destruction of so many hundred thousand

Indians, in order that the souls of the few remaining ones might be saved; one single soul being worth all the lives in the world. Finally, he went away in a great passion, on my telling him that in England where I was lately, they always put the pope and the d—l together, as if they considered them old friends and associates.

Scarcely had he gone away, when a great philosopher came to teach me how to civilize and govern my people. I liked some parts of his system well enough, and shall not fail to bring home several of the improvements he talked about. The notion of the whole people being born for the good of one, and living under him as slaves, without his being obliged to feed and clothe them like the owners of negroes, is good. So is that of his being master of their lives and fortunes, the source of all power, and the fountain of all honour. Being myself a king, I say I like all this, because the philosopher assured me I was fairly entitled to these privileges. He convinced me it was quite intolerable that an Indian should be master of his own body, hunt, fish, smoke and go to sleep just when he pleases, fear no man, acknowledge a dependence on no living being, and speak just what he thinks without being hanged for treason. Such notions

he maintained were impious and blasphemous, and led to the downfall of religion.

But there were other matters he told me of, that I dont altogether admire. The kings who enjoy all these prerogatives, are obliged to shut themselves up in their royal palaces, and to sacrifice the sweets of liberty entirely. The delights of the fields, and the pleasures of the chace are in a great measure denied them; and the consequence of being thus shut out from these innocent recreations, is, that they wallow in gluttony and luxuries of every kind, and indulge in the greatest latitude of licentiousness, only to pass away the time. The philosopher explained to me the reasons for this confinement, and how it came that the king was shut up like a bird in his cage. It was necessary that the people should see his sacred majesty but seldom, and be kept at a distance, because familiarity produced contempt, and they might find out if they came too near, what was very often the case, that their royal master was an ass. This was the perfection of the system, because it enabled a person who in common situations could not govern a pig sty, to reign over millions of subjects with great glory. He instanced several kings who lived a great while ago, who, although called madmen, were the

most famous in the world; and concluded by referring me for the truth of this to a neighbouring kingdom, which was said to have arrived at a pitch of unparalleled glory, under a king who lost his wits many years ago. But I will not disguise from you, that I have since had good cause to believe that the true reason why these legitimate kings are kept out of sight is, that the people are apt to shoot them when they come abroad, because they begin to be tired of this excellent system of things. It seems the people have got it into their heads that our Indian system of freedom is best, and I suspect very much that the jealousy of my brother the king, arises from a fear that they will depose him, and put me in his place. Upon the whole, I confess to you though I like some parts of their government, I prefer my own. It is true I have but little revenue, except now and then a present of a piece of deer, or a fox skin; but then I have very little trouble in being a king. I cant pick the pockets of my faithful subjects, because there is nothing in them; but if I have little money, I have as little use for it. I cant put any of my subjects to death, or send them to prison, nor get laws enacted for that purpose whenever I please; but I can go abroad as often as I choose, and wander alone in the

woods a hunting, without fearing any of my faithful subjects will shoot me. Finally, I cant force my people to make war when they have no injuries to revenge, or fight when they are not angry; but then I am not afraid of a rebellion, and sleep soundly at night in my royal palace that has no lock or bolt to the door, without dreaming of plots and treasons.

The philosopher had not been long gone when I was set upon by a physician, who presented me with a great book containing cures for all diseases. I informed him most of these were entirely unknown among us, as we had neither books, nor places where a blockhead could in a year or two learn to cure all disorders, without the assistance of common sense. At all events we did not want his aid, as we had among us, people the whitemen chose to call jugglers, because they had not a degree, but who answered quite as well, being pretty expert at killing. When we were strong and well, these people were useful to be laughed at; but the moment we got sick and our minds became weak, we sent for them. Then we gave away our most precious articles, in return for which they told us all the news, talked about all the old women in the village, and concluded by making wry faces and chattering an unintelligible jargon,

which nobody understood. A proof that these were most excellent physicians, was, that until the whitemen brought us brandy and whiskey, we enjoyed much better health, were more hardy and active, and lived quite as long as their own doctors, without getting bled, and taking pills. I then asked him if he could cure the disease of whiskey. He shook his head and looked wise; upon which, I told him I looked upon his book as good for nothing, for in truth, I began to be tired of these people who were good enough to take so much trouble for our benefit. On going away he shook hands, and observing that I was a little feverish, insisted on bleeding me, whereupon I thrust him out of doors.

The next attempt upon me was by a man, whose business I was told was to mend old systems, and make new ones, a trade followed by a vast many persons at present in this part of the world. He brought a system of laws, which he begged me to get adopted in my kingdom. He assured me that most of my brother kings highly approved, though not one had put them in practice, which I thought rather remarkable. He then began to read them, without being asked, and at the second chapter I fell asleep. I believe he did not observe it, for he was still reading when I awoke. Luckily he was just

finishing, or most likely I should have gone to sleep again. When he had done, he asked how I liked his codification, as he called it. I told him I heartily agreed with my brother kings in thinking it excellent, but I doubted whether my people would be able to comprehend it, as they could not read. He replied very briskly he had an infallible remedy for that, by teaching them to read; at all events, if I would only give it a fair trial, I should in a short time see a wonderful improvement in my people. I told him I would consider of it; but to say the truth I had a plan of my own, which was nothing more than to persuade them to live honestly, and do no harm to their neighbours, by which means they might do without laws altogether. Upon this he put up his codification, took a pinch of snuff and hurried down stairs, muttering “savage! savage!” till he was quite out of hearing.

Being gone, I lighted my pipe, and thought to enjoy a quiet hour before dinner, which I was engaged to take with one of the royal dukes, when a person called a philanthropist, came to teach me humanity. He began with great fury against our cruel and barbarous custom of killing our prisoners of war; and concluded without sparing a single hair of our heads. He spoke a long while of the great pains he had taken to

put a stop to widows burning themselves on the funeral pile of their deceased husbands—to the infamous slave system—and finally, concluded by calling us all barbarians. I began to get into a passion, for though I dont mind being called an Indian, I despise the epithet of barbarian, and so resolved to give this gentleman a piece of my mind.

I began by telling him, that I never in the whole course of my reign knew of a widow attempting to burn herself in the manner he mentioned, among the Oneidas. Upon this he assured me he did not mean the Oneidas, but certain Indians about thirteen thousand miles off. I told him as my authority did not extend quite so far, he had better talk to some one else about this matter, and not abuse me for it. If the widows in those parts chose to burn themselves, that was their own business. I had heard say, it was because they were not allowed to marry again; but at all events it was better they should die at once, than live to be wished dead, as I had heard young fellows do the old women who had large jointures. Besides, it was not much worse than shutting up beautiful young girls in gloomy prisons, under pretence of devoting them to God, when it was well known it was only that they might enrich the

eldest sister, and marry her to some nobleman who would take her for her money. We Indians held the loss of liberty, as much more painful than burning at the stake.

Then as to the great noise he made about black people being made slaves by us Indians, I did not find much difference between black negroes and white negroes. They all worked equally hard, and we Indians held them equally enslaved. For aught I knew, civilization was nothing more than working all day, and taking great pains to get rid of very small inconveniences. Hard work was the distinguishing characteristic of a civilized man. To be sure, among a free people like the Indians, it would be a stretch of humanity to abolish negro slavery if it subsisted there; but really, where ninety-nine in a hundred of the whitemen were slaves, black slaves were quite unnecessary, as they would only interfere with white ones.

As to our inhumanity to prisoners of war, we only killed such as were necessary to appease the spirits of our kindred that had fallen in battle; and in this we acted in conformity to their own religion, which gives an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. We adopted as many as would supply the numbers we had lost, and instead of keeping the others for years in jails,

crowded together without air or food, or space to lie down in, where they perished slowly and miserably, we were merciful, and put them to death. By this means we rendered our wars less fatal than theirs, for all the prisoners sacrificed by us Indians since they first had intercourse with white men, would not amount to one half of those who had perished within the last few years, in the manner I had stated. If we did sometimes sacrifice a victim at the stake as an offering to our god of war, it was only in imitation of their old custom of sacrificing a poor creature who differed from them in religion, to their prince of peace.

But, continued I, your inhumanity does not stop here. When we kill a bear, a deer or a buffaloe, we destroy an enemy, or at least an animal that has no claim upon us for past favours, or on the score of old acquaintance. But it is not thus with the race of philanthropic white men. When a dog that has been your companion for years, and followed you all his life in your walking and hunting—who has looked to you for the supply of his wants, and repaid you by protecting you against thieves and vermin at night, grows old and decrepid, you order your servants to shoot him, or tie a stone about his neck and throw him into a pond.

When your favourite horse, who has been your pride for a long while, and carried you thousands of miles on his back, prancing all the while as if he thought it a favour to bear his master, loses his beauty, or becomes maimed in your service, what do you do? You shoot him, and feed your hounds with his flesh; or you turn him loose to starve upon some barren common, where a grasshopper never chirps in summer; or if you affect humanity, you sell him to some inhuman master, who turns him over to some inhuman slave that drives or whips him to death. The ox that has tilled your fields, raised your grain, and done your bidding patiently and mildly all his life, is at last knocked in the head; nay, the very cow whose milk has nourished your children when the mother's breast was dry, is eaten up at last, or made into mince pies for rejoicings on the birth day of your God.

When I had done, he replied with a conceited air, and without blushing, that all these things of which I complained, were the natural results of that state of society in which the white people were placed. It was not just therefore, for us who were in a situation altogether different, to test their humanity by our rules. "Away—away—then," cried I, "and practice

the rules of your faith—do as you would be done by; judge not, that ye may not be judged. Remember vain and presumptuous white man, while you denounce us as inhuman barbarians, that as little can *you* judge what is necessary to our state of society and our peculiar situation.

Thine,

CORNELIUS.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

I lately renewed an acquaintance with a very worthy, and well meaning gentleman, who being in possession of an easy competency, which he neither wishes to diminish by prodigality, or increase by turning broker, was for a long time greatly at a loss how to spend his time. Chance however, or perhaps an innate kindness of heart which he really possesses, at length settled the question, and he became a philanthropist. Since that time he has been almost incessantly employed in schemes for the encouragement of idleness, improvidence and profligacy. Such indeed is the insatiable benevolence of his dis-

position aided by the influence of fashion and example, that he has actually become a sort of amateur of worthlessness and crime. Nothing in the shape of virtuous competency, or well earned prosperity, excites the least pleasure in his heart, and I verily believe if he had his will, he would repeal every law enacted for the security of honest men, and bend the whole power of legislation to the sole object of affording impunity to rogues.

Without sufficient observation of human life, to be aware that the very existence of society depends on these barriers between virtue and vice, and destitute of that power of abstract reasoning, which in some measure supplies the place of experience, he is altogether influenced by a narrow side view of his subject. He forgets that laws were devised for the benefit of just men, and a single instance of incidental oppression or hardship under the operation of a particular law which is indispensable, is sufficient to call forth his most strenuous exertions for its repeal.

He is an active encourager, as well, as a munificent benefactor to all societies for the encouragement of idleness, and its natural concomitant poverty, not considering that the indiscriminate relief of apparent want, without as-

certaining its reality or its origin, must necessarily operate to the destruction of all habits of industry, as well as every feeling of manly pride and independence, among the labouring classes. He is totally unaware, that this proud feeling of independence, and this habit of self reliance, is the basis of all national virtue, and that in proportion as you encourage a departure from these, or a reliance upon other means, you undermine, and destroy the moral habits of the people, and the solid worth of the national character.

After pursuing this career of relieving poverty, until he found to his great surprise, as well as mortification, that it seemed to grow worse in proportion to the pains taken to cure the disease, he conceived the idea of a society for the prevention of pauperism, having somewhere read that one ounce of prevention was worth a pound of cure. The object of this association was to furnish employment to those who could not, or would not find it themselves. It never struck him that this new species of charity operated almost equally to the encouragement of that dependence, which is fatal to the freedom of the people. The want of employment, if it existed at all, must have originated either in the absence of a disposition to

seek, or a difficulty in finding work, in consequence of a deficiency in the public demand. In the first case, to seek out, and offer additional inducements to these lagging inactive spirits to refrain from salutary exertion, was calculated to make them look upon it as a great favour to work at all. In the second case, supposing a deficiency of the public stock of work, to seek out and give employment to a few in preference to a great many others, was taking away the most powerful incentive to active enterprise, by destroying the strong stimulus arising out of a general struggle of talent and skill for a prize equally open to all. In both points of view, it must necessarily produce the pernicious habit of dependence, since in place of relying upon the general patronage of society at large, which arises out of the general wants of the people, and therefore carries with it no idea of charity, but is simply an exchange of labour for money, they must depend for employment, upon the caprices, the weaknesses, and the thousand other apparently immaterial circumstances that bias our preference.

My worthy acquaintance is also a great patron of savings banks, and considers every deposit made there as so much money saved from vice and profligacy. It is quite impossible to

make him believe that the persons who saved their money, did not do it solely in consequence of this place of deposit, although his experience might have taught him that people in general have not much trouble in disposing of their money on good security. It certainly never occurred to him that to give six per. cent for the poor's money, where seven was the legal rate of interest, is not the best possible way of making the most of their little savings. Lastly, he seems quite blind to the value of that experience and salutary wariness, which is so necessary to our intercourse with the world, and which depends so materially upon managing our own money, in our own way. It certainly is not my intention to make war against these institutions, for they seem to belong to the few late attempts to better the situation of the poor, that have not done more harm than good.

The truth is, the philanthropy of my acquaintance is altogether copied from that of Great Britain. If he hears of a new society for eating charitable dinners, and drinking the health of some royal patron, or president, established in that country, he never rests till he has got up something on the same plan, without inquiring whether or not the same necessity exists here. Not taking into view the wide difference be-

tween the state of the two countries, he, like our advertising quacks, cures all constitutions with the same specific, which is alike infallible, in every climate, and with all ages. He never reflects that the necessities of our labouring people, are the luxuries of the English; nor does it ever cross his mind, that the monopoly of the privileged orders, and the exactions of an insatiable government, having made millions of paupers, it is the duty of both to relieve these miseries of their own creation. The taxes they are obliged to pay; the difficulty in finding employment, and the consequent deduction from their wages, make that inevitable in England, which is here for the most part the result of idleness and extravagance, encouraged in the neglect of every species of domestic economy, by the injudicious distribution of public charity.

A similar, and as I conceive mistaken, as well as mischievous philanthropy influences him in cases of criminality. It is not a general and enlarged benevolence, arising out of a rational sympathy for all mankind, but a mere weakness originating in a long habit of indulgence. He regularly attends the quarter sessions, and never sees a debased and profligate creature of either sex committed to Bridewell, for outraging the peace or decorums of society, without

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declaiming against the severity of the penal code. He never fails to sign every petition for the pardon of the most desperate criminal, and is a most strenuous believer in the doctrine that it is better to trust to the progress of moral feeling for the prevention of mail robberies and murders, than to guard the one, or punish the other.

But in nothing is his persevering zeal so conspicuous, as in the case of insolvent laws. Were it not that the simplicity of his life, the regularity of his habits, and the independence of his fortune, forbids it, I should almost be inclined to suspect him of looking forward to a period when the relaxation of these laws would be convenient to himself. But he is too rich and temperate for such an accident; and such is his inflexible prudence that not long ago, he absolutely refused to pay the debts of an only son, who had failed in business. I will however do him the justice to say, that he was very sorry for the creditors, and subscribed liberally to the relief of one of them whose case was peculiarly hard.

Much of his time is taken up with going about the city, listening to stories of distress arising either from unmerited misfortunes, or hard hearted creditors. It is likewise one of his chiefest recreations to visit the city prison,

where he becomes acquainted, with additional instances of the inexorable cruelty of creditors, who after having been reduced to poverty by the imprudence or extravagance of their debtors, refuse to support them any longer. And here I would observe, that the least experience in the world, must convince us of the necessity of some restraint against wantonly running in debt, and some punishment for not paying our debts. The mere disgrace attending an unwillingness or inability to comply with our engagements, is not sufficient either to deter or to punish, because those who are the most prone to such offences, are the least susceptible to shame. Disgrace is no longer a punishment, when the virtuous sense of shame is seared or annihilated.

It has often likewise been urged that debt is no crime, and therefore it is unjust to punish it with the loss of personal liberty. But let us reflect, that this liability of the person for debt, is the only consideration which prevents an unprincipled man from running in debt, when he knows he cannot pay. Having nothing to lose, such a person would become the scourge of the unwary innocents of the world and occasion in the end ten times the misery and hardship, which under the most rigid system of laws, could result to

himself from their most inflexible administration. If then, in the course of the operation of these laws, it so happens, as I grieve to say I believe it sometimes does happen, that the punishment falls heaviest upon the guiltless, I am satisfied it will generally be found, that even in these instances, the evil may be traced to careless or unprincipled debtors, whose want of prudence or honesty, entailed the punishment of their own guilt, upon these innocent persons. It ought never to be forgot by philanthropists, that if the dishonest were to pay their debts there would be no honest men in prison to call forth their sympathy. But if the reader will bear with me, I will illustrate this position by a case in point.

One day the gentleman, whose character I have been sketching, begged me to accompany him in a visit to an unfortunate debtor, confined to the limits of about one fourth of the city, in order that we might settle some disputed point in our respective theories of philanthropy. Accordingly we proceeded to one of the most pleasant streets, and knocked at the door of a handsome three story house, bearing all the indications of competency, not to say splendour. Seeing a carriage at the door, and a lady just on the point of stepping into it, I pulled

the sleeve of my companion, supposing he had mistaken the house. On coming up to the steps however, the lady insisted upon returning into the house with us, as her husband was not at home, and we must be tired. I was somewhat surprised I confess at seeing the carriage and horses, as well as to observe the floor, the entry and staircase covered with rich carpets—the sideboard glittering with silver and cut glass, and the mantle piece ornamented with splendid lamps. There was likewise a grand piano with a music book open before it, on which we heard some one playing as we came in. In short such was the appearance of every thing around me, that I could not be brought to believe we were in the house of a bankrupt.

The lady received us in this superb abode with perfect good breeding; talked on the most fashionable topics, and lamented her husband was absent as she was sure he would be delighted to have us stay to dinner, and drink a bottle of his burgundy. She also exhibited a beautiful dress, just come home which her daughter was to wear at a great ball to be given in a few days. At this I looked rather significantly at my companion, who hurried me away under some pretence or other. On taking leave, the lady gave us a very cordial invitation to a

little party her youngest daughter was to give the next evening but one, on occasion of her birth day.

From thence we strolled up the street some distance, and finding it grow warm, it was proposed to enter one of the public gardens, and take a glass of ice cream or lemonade. Here the first person we saw proved the very unfortunate bankrupt whom we had just visited, and of whose unmerited misfortunes my companion had more than once given me a most melancholy picture. He was sitting at a table in a little arbour playing at domino with a brisk, dark complexioned Frenchman, and vehemently discussing the military talents of the late emperor Napoleon.

My companion introduced me, as soon as the game was finished. Our friend lost it, and I observed him hand his antagonist a bank note, which he put into his pocket and departed. My companion then inquired into the state of the unfortunate bankrupt's affairs, and received in return a full detail of all his misfortunes, which even according to his own statement originated in extravagance founded upon a gross, if not wilful miscalculation of his means and prospects.

It seems he had amassed a few thousand dollars in the capacity of supercargo, of a ship belonging to one of his father's old friends. With this sum he entered into merchandise when money came begging at the doors of our city counting rooms. The same old friend became his indorser for large additional sums, from time to time, with which he plunged into the most wild speculations and extravagances. He built a splendid town and country house, and revelled in all the luxuries of eastern magnificence. But imprudence and prodigality will exhaust mines of gold and banks of paper. He at length fell into difficulties; his credit began to lean a little, and the more it leaned, the heavier was the pressure it had to sustain. He went on from shift to shift, each one more desperate and ruinous than the other, and finally became openly insolvent. But from what I saw, his situation was little changed, by this reverse of fortune. He appeared to live as well, and to indulge in as many extravagances as ever. However, he ended his detail, by complaining bitterly of his creditors, whom he denounced as a set of illiberal heartless scoundrels.

Having accompanied my friend in his visit, I now requested him to go with me to the city prison, for a purpose I did not explain. There

is something so revolting in the aspect of a jail, its double, riveted doors, and grated windows, between the bars of which we sometimes see a pale and withered face gazing at the world from which it is shut out—Something so sad and melancholy in the idea of human beings, debarred from that freedom which the birds of the air and the beasts of the fields enjoy, for a folly or an imprudence, or if you will a crime, which the very means of punishment forever debar them from repairing, that I do not wonder philanthropists should declaim against the obduracy of the laws. For my part, a church yard is to me not half so melancholy as a prison. The grave severs all ties, and shuts out the cares of this world—“there the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” Nor hunger, nor thirst, nor anxieties for the future, nor regrets for the past, ever molest these silent mansions; nor do their peaceful tenants consume the weary endless hours in listless ennui, or consuming cares. They have paid their last debt, and even the inexorable creditor death, is satisfied.

Without uttering a word, I conducted my companion into a small room, miserably furnished and occupied by a miserable tenant. As we entered an old man slowly raised himself in his bed, and languidly asked—“Is that you

Jane?" "She's gone" answered a voice from the dark side of the apartment—"She's gone to get something to eat." The last part of the sentence was spoken in a low half whisper, as if the truth was suppressed by a feeling of pride which is always sure to linger in the bosom of virtuous poverty. Every noise we heard, and every footstep that passed through the outer hall, the old man raised himself as before, asked, for his daughter, and receiving the same answer, sunk down again perfectly quiet.

I delight not in pictures of distress, nor can I banquet on details of real and substantial miseries. My object in this relation of matters of fact, is neither to steel the heart to pity, nor to increase the prejudices of well meaning people against those institutions which have stood the test of human experience in all times, and are held essential to the very existence of the social compact. That the confinement of debtors may sometimes operate to the prejudice of the innocent, the history of this poor perishing old man will afford ample proof. That some punishment is necessary to deter the imprudent and unprincipled from ruining their generous trusting friends by their wild extravagance, is equally clear from the same example.

This gray headed and emaciated prisoner, was the son of a country gentleman, who ruined himself by his sacrifices during the war of independence. The conclusion of the struggle which gave liberty to his countrymen, brought with it the loss of his own. He was sent to prison, at the suit of a friend, who had been his guest for several months before, during which a fine house on a fine estate in the neighbourhood was preparing for his reception. The very day he took possession of it, he sent an officer to carry his host to jail, for a debt he had made himself responsible for, on account of some supplies absolutely necessary to the subsistence of our army, during the most gloomy winter of the whole war.

The subject of our story, was then a lad, the oldest of six children, now left to the care of the mother, who turned out to be a right noble woman. I remember having often met the poor boy of a Saturday afternoon, on a borrowed horse, carrying the weekly supply of food to his father, a distance of fourteen miles, and have more than once seen the tears roll down his cheek, as he hung his head in passing on his melancholy errand.

In this situation the family remained between three and four years, during which period this

youth was gradually strengthening his mind, and disciplining his habits in the rough school of adversity, under the care, and inspired by the example of his excellent mother. Many years after her death, I have heard him relate little anecdotes which exhibited the mingled strength and tenderness of mind possessed by this admirable woman, that seemed to my mind exquisitely affecting. But they are too homely and simple to please the splendid taste of the times, and so I pass them by.

The manner and the means of obtaining the liberty of this old man's father, have escaped my recollection if I ever knew them. Not long after his return home, however, the son was sent to a distant relation in the city, who took him to his house, and employed him as his clerk. Schooled in adversity, strengthened by a habit of patient endurance, and moral from practice and example, he soon became a favourite, by being useful. His hours of leisure and recreation, were spent in learning French and music, and in making himself acquainted with that kind of literature, which though it does not constitute a scholar, is the indispensable ornament of a gentleman. Without meanness, he was prudent; by some of his associates he was called avaricious, while others thought him extra-

gant; for though he often declined going to a place of amusement, he would lay out ten times the cost, in books, prints, or scientific instruments. But he had one of the invariable characteristics of a well regulated mind, whether derived from innate good sense, or early experience I cannot say. He knew how to maintain his independence, by the infallible mode of squaring his means to his ends.

Two things seem equally certain in this world; one, that imprudence and prodigality, will lead to ruin; the other, that a perseverance in a rational, industrious and prudent economy will as certainly ensure a permanent prosperity. This last truth was especially exemplified in the subject of our story.

Without debarring himself from a single enjoyment essential to happiness; without submitting to any privation, or demeaning himself by any subserviency unbecoming an independent mind, he gradually rose to a most respectable rank among the most respectable people. He enjoyed all the comforts of wealth, honestly and usefully acquired, and all the respect and affection which accompany the liberal employment of these honourable acquisitions. He allied himself to the best and worthiest; and he associated with the first men of the nation without

feeling any sense of inferiority, because he possessed a clear conscience and a steady well regulated mind.

About this period, the son of his old master and benefactor, entered into business, under his particular patronage, which was given with a degree of liberality that might almost be called imprudence, did we not recollect, what he owed to the father of the young man. The new trader led away by the torrent of the times, having the means of speculating afforded him by the liberality of his father's friend, plunged into every kind of extravagance, and resorted to the most desperate expedients to extricate himself from the difficulties brought on in consequence. By degrees he drew the unsuspecting benefactor to become responsible for the amount of a large portion of his debts, and finally became a bankrupt, leaving him to be stripped of the earnings of a whole life of virtuous industry.

Although this worthy and abused old man, was too upright to become responsible for more than he was worth, yet in consequence of those sacrifices of property which so generally result from the impatience or necessities of creditors, his possessions did not enable him to pay his obligations. A creditor, who, by the way, had

been ruined by this deficiency in my old friend's property, and by a reliance on his ability to make good all his engagements, in a fit of bitter spleen, threw him into jail.

If any of my readers have ever seen the combined effect of misfortune accompanied by disgrace on a proud spirit, they will scarce need to be told what was the consequence of this procedure. His energies of spirit, his early habits of endurance, all failed at once. He sunk into a proud listlessness, an insensible apathy, that on the one hand shrunk from the kindness of friends, and on the other rendered all their good offices unavailing. From the moment the sheriff touched his shoulder, he never held up his head more, or made a single effort to retrieve his affairs. He ate and drank instinctively, without seeming to know or care who administered to his wants; and never spoke except he heard a footstep, when he would ask "Is that you Jane?" Finally he became a perfect wreck, and died of a broken heart, about three weeks after our visit.

As I related the principal events of this story to the philanthropist, his heart melted, as he contemplated the dying prisoner, and his withered comforter who sat at the bed side. He indignantly inquired the name of that unprinci-

pled ingrate, who had thus wickedly abused his confidence. "It is he," replied I, "we saw playing at domino—who lives still in the splendours of fashionable luxury, keeps his coach, and gives parties on his daughter's birth days, though a bankrupt. And now, let this be a warning to you against pitying and relieving every body, even the profligate extravagant spendthrift, who peoples our jails with trusting friends, and unpaid tradesmen. While thus wasting your best sympathies in lamenting the hardships of this species of unfortunate debtors, and venting your indignation upon the severity of laws which are absolutely necessary to restrain the unprincipled gambols of wanton worthlessness, do not fail sometimes to call to mind the fate of this poor old man. Remember, that at least one half the prisoners here, are the victims of those very men, whose wicked extravagance, in a great degree originated in the lenity of those very laws of which you complain—in the prospect of impunity they hold out to those who never mean to pay their just debts."

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have lately received a number of letters from various quarters, from among which we have selected the following for the instruction and amusement of the reader.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR,

I AM an unfortunate gentleman, whose character has been entirely ruined by the indiscreet zeal of my friends, who undertook on all occasions to praise me behind my back. The consequence was, that all the ill-natured and envious people of the town, set their faces against me, for no other reason that I could ever discover, than simply because I was praised by the others. As usual the scandalous party having most zeal and industry, got the better, and I am now left almost entirely at their mercy. The object of this letter, is to beseech all my friends without exception, to refrain from praising me in future, on any occasion whatever. Nay, sir, I give them full liberty to run me down in all companies, as I am in hopes in that case the other party, from a pure spirit of opposition, will also change sides and

talk me into a good reputation again. I have observed that a great many people never say a good natured thing, except from this spirit of contradiction, and that mankind in general never praise their friends with so much warmth, as when their hearers are incredulous.

I am, Sir, your servant,
WALTER WADDILOVE.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR,

I AM the younger son of a worthy citizen, who before he grew rich and turned gentleman, unluckily, as he thought, had given my elder brother a trade, and instilled certain vulgar habits of industry and economy into his eldest daughter that forever unfitted her for a fine lady. However being resolved to remedy these blunders as far as possible, he brought up myself and my youngest sister, in a manner altogether suitable to his wealth and our expectations. When we grew up, I was considered a very genteel young man, being entirely ignorant of every thing useful, and an expert tandem driver. My sister was the model of a belle every body allowed, for she went to a vast expense in finery, and once purchased a dress which several rich brokers' wives declined on

account of the price. We were both of us heartily ashamed of our vulgar parents, and always affected to look another way when we met our brother the tradesman. I took infinite pains, as well as my sister, to instil some notions of gentility into the old folks, but we could never cure the old cit of telling his favourite story, beginning with "When I was first put apprentice to a leather breeches maker," nor his wife from telling the price of every thing on the table, when we gave a dinner party. On this account, we always obliged the old people to take sick, and retire into the garret, whenever we had company.

We were gradually rising to the top of the fashion, when unluckily my father was tempted to invest nearly all his fortune in a new bank, which in good time, wound up its affairs, as the phrase is, by failing, and paying nothing either to the holders of its notes, or its stock. This blow put us upon our respective resources. My father died I believe of a broken heart, and my mother, worn out with age and anxiety, soon followed. My eldest sister by habits of industry and economy, makes out to support herself, and the young lady, who lays in bed most part of the day reading novels. As for myself, having neither skill or indeed inclination to do any thing,

I at last condescended to make advances to my brother the tradesman, who is daily growing more independent. He offered to take our sisters home with him, but the elder prefers maintaining herself, and the younger will by no means associate with such low persons, though she has brought herself to accept a number of presents from himself and his wife.

I have now lived upon the tradesman about a year and a half, during which time, I have enjoyed all the luxuries of idleness, and suffered all the mortifications of insignificance and dependence. My buckish associates, who used to borrow my money without ever thinking of paying, dont know me any more, the young ladies who once courted my attentions, quiz the leather breeches maker's son, while their mothers, who never let me rest for their tea parties, stare at me when I bow to their dazzling equipages, as if I were a monster. I am now driven for amusement to the billiard tables, where I lounge away the morning without playing, as the markers wont trust me, and I have no money to pay for the games. In the afternoons, when I have money to pay the ferriage, I visit Hoboken or Long Island, where I keep game for the nine pin players, by which means, I come in for a share

of the milk punch; and in the evening I go to all the public meetings, or places of resort, where there is nothing to pay.

Thus sir, do I pass my life, neglected by my old friends, and despised by my new acquaintances, who I often hear making remarks on my idleness, and dependence. Pray sir, say something in favour of persons in my situation, and be particularly severe on the world, for turning its back upon unfortunate gentlemen like,

Your humble servant,
CHARLES AUGUSTUS MEAGER.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR,

BEING a person of easy fortune, I have never plagued myself with business, but live an idle sort of life, having little to do, and not much to make me miserable. However, having rather a large family, I miss no opportunity of providing for them in a comfortable manner, as I have not sufficient fortune of my own to leave them all independent when I die. As they grew up, I have managed to marry them one after another to the sons and daughters of some of the snug wealthy old fellows in the Bowery, and

about Corlaer's Hook, whose estates cut up amazingly well, as I have found by experience. To be sure these are not people of the first fashion, but with a little drilling they do very well, and if they should happen to be past all polish, why I e'en settle them upon some of their vacant lots, and only invite them to dinner on Sundays, when there is no other company.

In this way, I have established all my children one after another, except my eldest son, whom I reserved for a more brilliant destiny. We had formed an intimacy with a rich old lady, who notwithstanding the most minute inquiries of a great number of anxious friends, could never be detected in having any relations in the world. As we naturally calculated that she must leave her money to somebody, we paid her the most unremitting attentions. Our house was always open to her, and our carriage was sent every day to take her on airings, or to pay visits. She spent her summers at our country house, and in fact, was more mistress of the establishment both in town and country, than my wife herself. As there were many other persons particularly attentive to her, we tried our best to cut them all out, and at length had the satisfaction of perceiving that she preferred our house and dinners to any others.

Our son was directed to lay close siege to the old lady—to be always ready to take her empty cup, to hand her across the room, or to the carriage, and to listen with great attention whenever she opened her mouth. Whenever she expressed an inclination for any thing, no matter what, it was always procured for her, and when she was sick, nothing could equal the kindness and attention with which she was treated by us all. I insisted upon paying her physician's bills, and it would amaze you to see the sums I have charged against her for these matters, intending to make my son refund when he came into possession of the old lady's property.

In short sir, I have heard of women being killed with kindness, and sure I am, if kindness could have killed any body, the old lady would not have lived long. But for twenty years and more she continued to receive our attentions, and to enjoy apparently better health than ever, keeping us on the tenter hooks of expectation all that time, until at length I began to think she would actually live to see us all under the sod. She died at last however, and the curiosity of all her most attentive friends was indescribable, concerning the distribution of her property. As for us, we laughed in our

sleeves, being assured from several mysterious hints of the old lady, that my son would be the sole heir. My son and I, together with several more of her dearest friends were present at the opening of the will, when it appeared that she had left all her estates to a parcel of poor relations nobody had ever heard of before. They lived in England it seems, and the old lady not wishing either to go to them, or have them come to her, had thus slyly managed to secure to herself among strangers, all those attentions and kindnesses, only to be expected from near and dear relatives, by keeping her secret to the last. The numerous expectants looked at each other with ludicrous astonishment, while the executor was observed to be somewhat diverted with our disappointment. The only notice she took of my son who had been for twenty years a martyr to his expectations, was bequeathing him her blessing, and thanks for his disinterested attentions to an infirm and helpless widow. Now sir, dont you think this was ill treatment? I have written this letter on purpose that our wrongs may be made public, and to caution your readers against being the dupes of rich old ladies, who dont choose to acknowledge their relations except in their wills.

Your disappointed,
ZOROBABEL CROUCH.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR,

I HAVE the misfortune to be married to a man, who in the main makes a tolerable husband, and whom I have every disposition to obey in all reasonable things. But he has a disagreeable habit of uttering his wishes as commands, by which means he deprives me of all the merit of voluntarily complying with them. I have more than once been tempted to act contrary to what I wished, merely to assert my independence. As it is, I am afraid I comply with rather a bad grace. Pray favour me with your advice in this delicate affair.

Yours,**LUCY WAYWARD.**

The only advice we have to give Mrs. Wayward, is to comply with her husband's wishes, with perfect good humour, provided they are not altogether unreasonable. If he is a man of sense and feeling, such a course will soon make him ashamed of playing the bashaw.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR,

My husband and I, after living together a considerable time in rather an uncomfortable

manner, lately hit upon a discovery which has enabled us to pass our time in the most perfect harmony. With his approbation, I lose no time in communicating it to you, for the benefit of the public. The whole secret consists in our never getting angry both at the same time.

Your admirer,

ELIZABETH HARDKIS.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR,

I AM an old bachelor like yourself, and used to read your paper with great pleasure, till you undertook to recommend matrimony to your readers, since when I have given it up entirely. The object of this letter, is to desire you will do me the favour to reprobate the impertinent practice of calling in continually, to inquire how a man does, when he happens to be a little indisposed. I reside among a parcel of idle people, in a village where they do little or nothing, and live upon bank discounts. It often happens that I am troubled with little infirmities, for which, half the time I cant find the right name. On these occasions, my neighbours are sure to come in shoals to inquire about my health, and puzzle me with a thousand imperti-

nent questions, besides recommending an infinite number of remedies, not one of which is worth a rush.

I have turned away my servants several times, for having the impudence to trouble me with their inquiries; discharged my physician for a similar reason, and quarreled with the parson of the parish. Nay, I made an example of two of my pensioners, who, notwithstanding my express prohibition, persisted in coming twice a day to ask how I did, during a fit of the gout.

I have come to terms with most of those who exchange dinners with me occasionally, or sometimes call of evenings to take a hand at whist. The parson is admitted into fellowship again, on condition of making no allusion whatever to my complaints; and my present physician is never allowed to go beyond a shake of the head, or a nod when he visits me. The old cook, who is a sort of privileged person, sometimes ventures a kind of interrogation, as "master dont seem quite well to day?" but I should certainly turn my back on these occasions, if I was not afraid she would spoil my dinner.

But for all this sir, I cant keep the people of the neighbourhood in the same order, and am particularly pestered by an old widow lady

over the way, who never sees the doctor's chair at my door, without sallying forth, and prescribing a hundred abominations. All this she does, because she was well acquainted with my father, who I think was very much to be pitied on that account.

If you have not lost all fellow feeling with our fraternity, be good enough to publish this letter, with my solemn resolution, that although I have no relations that I know of, I am determined never to leave a shilling to any person who inquires into the state of my health. Between ourselves, I have struck several names from my will, solely on this account.

Your persecuted friend,
TITUS WORMWOOD.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR,

I AM an unfortunate young lady, who was purchased in marriage, by an old bachelor of fifty-five, with a new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, a pearl necklace, and a fine house, with damask curtains to the windows. But unfortunately, before I had worn my fine bonnet half a dozen times, or exhibited it to half the town, my aunt died, and obliged me to put on mourning, so that my hat

is now quite out of fashion, and I shall not probably soon get another. This however is not likely to be of much consequence, for my husband keeps me shut up in my fine house, so that I never get an opportunity of wearing my shawl or necklace, and am so tired of the sight of damask curtains, that I wish never to see them more. What renders my situation the more deplorable, is the comparisons I draw while sitting at the window of my prison, between my own situation and that of a poor woman who lives in a small wooden two story house over the way, and who, though she has neither damask curtains, or pearl necklace, or cashmere shawl, can go out when she pleases. It is all my mother's fault, who was forever telling me that "it was better to be an old man's darling, than a young man's slave," a maxim against which I take this opportunity to warn my whole sex.

Yours, &c.

LOUISA LOCKUP.